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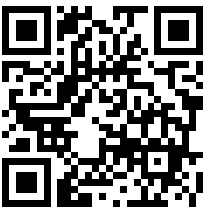

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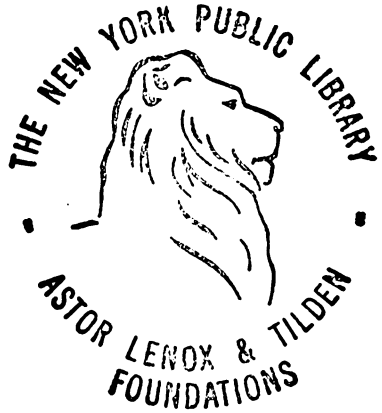

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One hundred copies of this volume printed in Paris for relatives and friends.

This copy is for

Edith

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The Letters of Major Howard W. Beal Headquarters First Division Medical Department

Killed in action July 18, 1918

J. R. E. GUILD, Printer

PARIS

1926

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MY FRIEND, HOWARD BEAL.

He came out of his little room in which he slept and studied, one dreary window gave upon a narrow side street of the Back Bay, a street starting hopefully from one of Boston's thoroughfares and ending its career shortly at the railway tracks, which conducted trains hastily to and from the city.

The host of the small flat of which this room was a small part said to me "And this is Howard." Then a train roared by and I missed his voiced welcome. That was thirty years ago. I look down at his letters written to his wife, which are now upon my desk. In 1918 he wrote, "The crash of exploding shells echoes and re-echoes... and this is a phase of the greatest battle known."

The little room rises to my mind, and the tall, eager young medical student in the doorway. "When did his battle begin?" I ask myself. "Where was his first field of action?"

I found his hand clasp a thing that covered my heart. I passed on with a consciousness of courage for whatever lay before me. Yet the moment was a light one. "He will have a good bedside manner," I remember saying to the host when we were alone in the larger room.

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With what finality this friend of his disposed of him! "He will always be a plodder", was his casual rejoinder, as though dancing toward a bedside instead of plodding toward one would be a better policy.

Howard had gone back to his study of surgery, with doubtful opportunities for any beds to sit beside no matter how they were approached. The trains shrieked past like exploding shells, but he went on with his work, all unconsciously preparing himself for his earthly extinction on a monstrous battle line twenty two years later.

Ten years had passed, perhaps, before I saw him again. It was in the city of Worcester where he was successfully sitting by all the sick beds he chose. He seemed taller than before, accommodating himelf to the elegant proportions of the house which was his. And in some curious manner his physique continued to expand, figuratively if not literally, through the years that intervened between our *rencontre* in Worcester and the year of 1917. He took on a dignity that could have been interpreted as austerity by those who did not come under his gentle ministrations. It was not a pompous dignity. That padded investiture which frequently hangs upon the shoulders of the successful was never Howard's. He was of those whose consciousness of capability comes from an almost perfect sense of values. What was important and what was not important was very clear to him. What he could do and what he could not do was part of his awareness. It kept him humble.

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Yet it was on the walk from his place to my Worcester Hotel through the unfretted hush of the midnight streets that I recognized his real, fundamental quality. Suddenly I found him crying — unashamedly — crying for his old host of the little flat who had been given a racked body as a souvenir never to be lost for services in a far country. "I can't speak of him without doing this", said Howard. "He did everything for me when I was working my way through Harvard. Gave me that little room"...

(That undecorated, untableted room with so tawdry a history since!)

But I was not thinking of the arresting history of rooms as we walked silently on. I was feeling his stature again, a quality rather, a sudden towering quality. And I was less teased than I had been before over my bright, enduring friendship with him, so limited by our infrequent meetings during that first decade. We were fundamentally of the same stock-of generations of a just if stern people who rank with widest joys a beautiful sense of Obligation.

I think this sense was always beautiful to him, and not an irksome giving that the score might be paid off. It extended from those who had befriended him to the just claims made upon him by his country. Save for the fine execution of his skill he was not the man to be part of the European Spectacle. He was quick to discriminate between the gaudy and the gay, between trumpeting wrong and unvoiced right, between the lust of slaughter

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and the necessity for it. He knew the beauty if not the magic of the world he lived in, the joy of little children, small animals, " the soft rose bloom of a shrub ". He knew the bitterness and the baseness of the world. This understanding was at once his armor and his hair-shirt for his job as Surgeon with the Forces of the American Expedition.

He was in his uniform when I said good-bye to him, larger than ever, grim, more kind. Death was rapping at my own New York house when Howard made his farewell call. I think my sick man, with the clarity of those whose physical powers are giving place to the spirit's encroaching claim, spoke truly when he said of Major Beal : " He'll do the trick but he'll hate it all. "

I dare to say that Howard did hate it, and God help the slashed soldier who finds the surgeon in attendance enjoying his bloody duty. How sacrificial was his sense of obligation to the wounded most of those who will read these letters know.

It was at Mortefontaine near Pierrefonds after days and nights of constant work that our friend went to his billet to divest himself of his clothing for a little rest. While thus preparing to rest an orderly came to his tent to ask if he could direct three men who had lost their way in the confusion of the fighting.

Thus he made the final effort. It was bright moonlight, I am told. In that swift passage he may have looked up to enjoy the moon's serenity. As he directed the men an aeroplane flying low

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dropped a bomb in their midst and the men and he were killed.

He lies in the American Cemetary at Suresnes, stretched at great length. In some bewildering way it comes to me that he has outcompassed the proportions of that little room where, thirty years ago, he was a student of surgery, gravely acquiring knowledge for his death.

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE.

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New York Harbor.
July 29, 1917.

From : One Beal.
To : His Wife.
Subject : Departure of one Beal on U.S.A.T.
Time 9 .40 P. M. Sunday Night.

The letters that are mailed on board and taken off are censored and not mailed until the ship reaches France.

I came over from the hotel at six oclock. The saloon was filled with passengers, officers and nurses. It was hot on board and everybody was out on deck but in the faint light I found it difficult to distinguish people. Coming on deck was impressive. Across the dock were two more transports and towering over them the three great smokestacks of the Vaterland. There were four transports in the dock all in dark war paint which gave a serious coloring to the dim lights about the dock. Clinging to the transports opposite were tenders against which the water splashed nervously. Over all was a thin mist. The most impressive thing though was the forward deck of the ship which was crowded with men in khaki. They were singing. The association of the men on the ship tonight is a wonderful thing. The psy-

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chology of the thing is beyond me but it is effective. I can easily understand how these men united in feeling would fight well. Perhaps it is only the psychology of the crowd. Anyway they looked and acted like good boys and I feel they would prove so after their first baptism in the fight.

With love

HOWARD.

Port of Embarkation.
July 30, 1927.

Dear Henrietta,

This has been a most interesting day. I went aboard last night. It was too hot to sleep and there were mosquitos (I'm sure they were mosquitos) and I was up several times wandering about the deck The men many of whom did not arrive until ten o'clock last night from Texas were sleeping about the decks everywhere and in all positions, dead tired. At four this morning the loading was completed and at six we began to move out of the dock.

I was detailed as police officer of the ship, that is, to take charge of the cleanliness of the ship. I had been moved into another room and the steward did not get in until late to arrange it so it was lunch time before I got into my old clothes, ready to inspect the ship. After lunch I was standing at the port rail. We had turned on our anchor

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with the tide and were pointing out to sea. It was about one forty five. The tide had changed about an hour before.

A ship approached from the sea side. As it neared us a large tug, (I thought it a quarantine boat), made toward its side but the navigator on the bridge waved it back and it turned away. Immediately after this we saw that he was headed toward our stern on the port side. He began to yell wildly to the soldiers on the rail to move away. "We are going to hit you", he said. Then he dropped his anchor. (His ship was moving at about half speed) on his port side which would tend, it is said, to turn the bow of his ship toward us rather than away from us. She dragged her anchor for no anchor could hold a ship going as fast as she was. In a few seconds she struck us at an angle of about forty five degrees about three quarters of the distance aft on the port side. From the moment she struck there was excitement a plenty. They kept her bow plugged into the hole she made in our ship but we immediately began to settle by the stern and there was all sorts of confusion as the life boats were lowered. Boats from all around came to our assistance.—It was a most interesting and exciting experience.

There were twelve hundred men on board. Tugs, barges and all sorts of craft came alongside and the troops, many of them, stepped over a gangway onto the ship which had struck us which still kept her nose in the hole she had made. Some lost their heads completely while others took it coolly. Most

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everyone had his life preserver. An officer, a fat one, is said to have dashed to his stateroom thrown off his shoes and appeared on deck covered with a life preserver and announced to his commanding officer that he was ready. Some of the nurses were taking their siestas and they appeared on deck clad in kimonos or less. One, it is said, got into one of the fancy life preservers which were presented to the post graduate unit, a sort of big rubber suit that pulls on over the head. There is lead in the shoes and after she had gotten into it she tried to walk and could not and she could not get out of it so they had to carry her off the ship life preserver and all.

Finally everybody was off and the captain decided to try to beach the ship which was settling slowly by the stern. They did succeed in getting her into a Brooklyn dock, however.

The situation was new to me and I did'nt know what to do. I went down to my room to get a life preserver but there was none and I went back on deck and watched the people getting off. Someone handed me a life preserver, but it was too small. A navy man called to hurry as the ship was going to sink in five minutes. I looked about and it seemed that his limit was very short and I then found that everyone had gone from the deck. Then a naval officer appeared and said he had a launch if I wanted to use it. At that moment the Colonel came and said we might as well leave the ship so we took the launch and went back the six miles to the pier.

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The clerk at the hotel was very surprised to see me again. I took a room and had a bath and had just opened the windows to let in a fine breeze (the day was very hot) when the telephone rang and I was ordered to the dock immediately. So I shut the window on that fine breeze and was off again.

Now that I think of the accident today I am sure that it was deliberately planned. The ship came directly toward us and did not deviate from her course although she had all the water between us and Coney Island to go in. I believe it was unecessary. The navigator did not reverse the engines.

With my love.

H.

Sunday night.
August 12, 1917.

My dear Henrietta,

We are at sea and we are apparently going somewhere. It is now three days and we got a glimpse of land today for a moment when the fog lifted. We have had a rough sea and fog. Yesterday the sea grew smooth and but the fog remained.

Nobody on the ship knows anything about our destination but there is a new rumor every few minutes among the officers and few civilians on board. We know only that we are going somewhere in a ship grey by day and dark by night with life boats lowered ready for emergency and direct-

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ed by some of the best navigators in the world. There is a different atmosphere about the ship from the crossing in 1914. The preparations are now very carefully made and the precautions many. There is a noticeable atmosphere of uncertainty caused by the precautions taken.

A quotation from the general alarm notice is worthy of notice, at least it made an impression upon me, " The captain expects everybody to keep cool and not do such silly things as jumping overboard etc. The people who make a rush at the lifeboats at the first alarm, are generally the ones who lose their lives, and the cool ones who keep back, usually leave the ship in a *respectable* and *confortable* manner.

Monday night August 13, 1917.

The fog lifted this morning and a pilot came aboard. While he was climbing up the ladder one of the soldiers called out in a peremptory voice, " Where in hell have you been all this time? " We had been cutting circles around a mournful whistling buoy all night with the fog hemming us in and the outburst of the soldier was an expression of the impatience most of those on board felt at the delay.

We emerged from the fog banks yesterday which was a relief. I slept on deck two nights for as soon as we started all ports were ordered closed at dusk and the air was bad enough to give me a headache. The first night I took the cushion off my couch and

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carried it on deck and slept in my clothes and a white blanket that would show in the dark so the deck strollers would not step on my bald head. There was nothing but one end of the blanket to cover my bald head but this was sufficient until morning when after a shower and a slight roll of the ship a sheet of water rolled off the hurricane deck onto my head. It was time to get up anyway so I took up my bed and walked.

Monday August 20 1917.
The Danger Zone.

Yesterday morning we all appeared at breakfast wearing our life belts as per order and have worn them all day since. A life belt feels better in the rack at the top of the stateroom than it does when worn. I felt as if I had some sort of abdominal tumor which was being fairly well controlled by about six pairs of heavy corsets. With my overcoat on over my new belt someone has ventured to suggest that my figure is suspicious of a delicate condition. Of course I don't trouble about such things for people on board as on shore will talk and whatever rumors may arise of this nature I hope to disprove by proving an alibi when we get ashore.

A gale is blowing fine rain. Nothing definite is distinguishable in sky or sea from the deck except a remarkable phosporescence from every breaking wave within range. It is like sailing a sea upon which millions of giant will-o-the wisps are playing.

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This is the nearest anyone on this ship can come to sailing down the white way. It is a great sight.

August 23 1917.

We are told not to mention anything. And we have arrived. The atmosphere of the ship changed suddenly about eleven o'clock when we first sighted land. If anybody tells you it is a " joy ride ", to travel with troops across the Atlantic these days... just don't believe them.

Verily the path of the sea is different from the path of Peace, and the path of 1914.

We " arrived safely ", and this not without thrills.

With love

H.

Hotel Crillon, Paris.
August 27, 1917.

My dear Henrietta,

We arrived here last night from Havre on a train that made forty one stops. The trip across the channel was interesting. We came over on a former excursion boat, an old side wheeler. There were 1.600 officers and men crowding the small boat. A room had been assigned half a dozen majors. It was sealed tightly with boards and the door could be opened only six inches. You can imagine the temperature of the place. I went onto

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the upper deck and walked and stood and sat all night. I got cold even with my heavy coat. The sight of the men asleep on the flat decks is one long to be remembered. They were everywhere on the main deck. And there was not a complaint from anyone. What would have happened if the sea had been rough... luckily it was a smooth night.

I called on the Colonel this morning and he seemed pleased to see me. They don't know what they will do with me but everybody, it seems, goes up along the line of communications temporarily.

With love

HOWARD.

Hotel Crillon, Paris.
August 31, 1917.

My dear Henrietta,

I am assigned to duty here as attending surgeon to all of the officers and men in this city. I am to have an office soon and am to hold sick call every morning at nine o'clock, beginning tomorrow. So I must get acquainted with the city at once and study French. The place I have is considered a good one and the commanding officer is a very fine man so things look rather cheerful.

Of course the orders may be changed any day and I may go to another post.

With love

H.

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September 4, 1917.
Hotel Vernet.

My dear Henrietta,

This is not going to be a letter. Yesterday afternoon was spent trying to get an auto to go out to see a sick soldier and then getting an ambulance to take him to a hospital.

This will be a hard winter for all of the units as there will be nothing to do but get ready. There can hardly be any activity for them before next summer unless they are used by the French and English.

I took my first French lesson last night at eight o'clock. The evening seems to be the only time I can spare for study and I may as well spend them that way.

The food at the hotel is good enough, but it is a good place to reduce, as the amount is about half what we are accustomed to.

I have several men to help me now at the office. We have established a, " prophylaxis ", station at the office which is kept open day and night so there will be no excuse for neglect. This is going to be the best way to meet the difficulty, I believe, and if carried out thoroughly should be successful. My first idea of dealing with the women is out of the question. The problem must be met in the other way.

Yesterday and today are hot water days, the

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only ones of the week and I have had two hot baths in two days.

I have not made very much progress with the French language.

With love

HOWARD.

Wednesday Morning (before daylight).
September 12, 1917.

My dear Henrietta,

You have heard probably by this time that our "Fitz" was killed the other night by the German bomb raid on the Harvard Unit. I did not see the notice of the raid when it happened but got the information later through the paymaster's office. It came as a shock to me and so suddenly that I fear that Beal lost his control for the rest of the day, and had red eyes. Yesterday a rumor said he was blown to bits and one man who was near him was only slightly wounded. This hospital has been in the same place for several years and its location is well known to everybody. They are evidently selecting the American hospitals now for the practice of frightfulness.

H.

September 15, 1917.
Hotel Vernet.

My dear Henrietta,

Paris is doubtless the greatest show on earth. Today I saw a Cossack. There are many Russians

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and every kind of officer here and but for this it would be difficult to realize there is war. Nobody notices the two meatless days and we have hot water two days a week which is enough for anybody.

I hear an aeroplane. They go over every day and some nights. This is a new game to me. I just turned off the lights and went to the window and there was an aeroplane overhead with a bright light showing which looked a great star moving through the sky. It disappeared going west.

I have been walking every day I could get the time. I walked to Armenonville in the Bois the other day. That is where everybody goes for tea on Sunday afternoon. It was crowded and a great sight. One cannot realize there is war. I have been very lonesome lately. I did not realize one could be so lonesome in Paris, but it is easy. You would be crazy about the children. They are beautifully dressed.

The other day I went to a picture shop to see my favorite pictures one of which I am going to send to you. It is, " Thy will be done ", and is a soldier and his mother or wife kneeling before a church altar.

I shall be glad to get to the country, I think. The influence of Paris is not very good. It has not the atmosphere of war any longer but a false thing that seems out of place and besides I think I could get on better with French in the country.

With love.

HOWARD.

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October 20, 1917.
With 16th Engineers (Railway).

My dear Henrietta,

It is 7.15, dinner is over at the mess tent or hut (an attractive looking building with sides of red mud and a thatched roof). It has a big fireplace which roasts the one standing near to it but does not warm the room much. And I have returned to my tent where a little stove eight inches in diameter with a firebox a foot high is giving enough heat for comfort as long as the wood bits are fed to it.

Outside the night is clear and cool. The men in the Y.M.C.A. tent are singing, "Keep the Camp Fires Burning,". The camp is prettily located on a plateau half way down a hill toward a long shallow valley surrounded by gently sloping hills of moderate height. Through the valley day and night run the trains of supplies.

There are only from six to eighteen inches of earth over the solid rock here. The tents are all on bare ground and until recently everybody in camp walked through a slippery red ooze whenever he left his tent. Now black cinder paths lead to the main thoroughfares and as long as one keeps to these, not always straight but narrow paths, he is safe from mud.

Before my arrival it had rained for about two weeks and was cold so you can, perhaps, imagine something of the conditions. I come from my last station, or my first, last Wednesday morning and at dusk landed in the town given as the station of

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the regiment. An officer who came over on the ship with me was headed the same way so we joined forces. We found the regiment had moved recently and that there was no way of reaching the camp that night so we sought lodging in the cold hotel of a town of a thousand people and found it filled. Finally we found a place and climbed an ancient staircase led by the woman of the house to a large, long, cold room with two beds not yet made up but each surmounted by an immense " Dutch Wife ". The castors of the beds had worn half way through the floor, but the window had a curtain.

The only excitement of the night was in the morning when my companion, from his bed on the other side of the room, announced that there was something new in the world... a jumping bedbug... and that one of them had seized him by the ankle. This was early, but when he got up he caught one. He called to me and after quite a struggle we threw him down. He held him and I deliberately tickled him to death.

Later in the morning I met an ambulance in the street from the regiment which carried me and my baggage to my destination. After reporting I came to this tent which was the only one available in officers'row and which was in a tipsy condition (all of the tents blew down in the middle of the night recently). The floor was half worn out and slippery, wet and cold. Help came, the tent was straightened, a stove was procured with a few bits of wood and by some stroke of fortune I got three boards nailed together to put down in front of my

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cot which was sitting on the ground. The first night here was nothing much to write about. Last night I got into wool pyjamas put on my fur coat and then got into the blankets and put my overcoat over all and still was not warm.

There are a fine lot of medical officers with this regiment but of course I am a stranger and an extra. That is, they have more than the regular allowance. I presume I shall be moved from here very soon. They are to build barracks here soon but we shall have a mean time until then. It is the real thing anyway and is on that account better than my first station.

Well, my dear, this is not much of a Saturday night.

H.

With 16th Engineers.
Advanced Zone.
October 27, 1917.

My dear Henrietta,

I have just returned from the cold mess hall where about fifty officers have had their evening food. I have stuffed the little stove with bits of green wood and will try to write.

Rain began early this morning and it has done what you would call "Poured", all day steadily. The camp which was muddy before soon became flooded. The men have been working all day and most of them have cotton socks and ordinary shoes

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and leggings. All are tented on the ground. They get soaked during the day and have no adequate means of getting dry at night. I found the water running into my tent today. The ditches outside were not deep enough to carry the volume of water.

Our ambulance came over to take two patients to the base haspital fifteen miles away and as arrangements had been made to open the museum at this town I went along. The museum has three Rubens... among them the descent from the cross which I did not like... there are some Henners and some beautiful bits of statuary which you know I prefer to paintings. Then back we came in the rain and found the camp afloat. I am going to send a telegram tomorrow about conditions here which will mean trouble for somebody but an improvement is much needed.

The wind is still blowing a chill through the tent in spite of the efforts of the little stove but the water is not coming in any more. It is a wild night.

With my love. H.

October 30, 1917 8.35 P.M.
Advanced Zone.
Camp Sixteenth Engineers.

My dear Henrietta,

I am alone in my tent as usual and the little stove is full of coke and is doing its best to keep out the chill frosty fog that came after sundown. This morning the ground was covered with frost.

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This afternoon I walked to a small village to the west and along the river whence the town takes its name. The river is swollen by the recent rains and is diverted by several channels through the town. All along the river the women were kneeling in little three sided boxes in front of inclined washing stones (in place of our wash board) soaping clothes dipping then in the water and then spanking the dirt out of them with large paddles. Heaven help the children if they are paddled with these instruments wielded by such strong and experienced arms.

There was a beautiful view in the valley with the trees silhouetted against the blue mist that was already settling in the lowlands. As I turned from the setting sun homeward bound I saw on the eastern horizon a great pink moon in a bluish haze. She seemed to be blushing at something but the blush soon faded and she rose and put a smile on her silver face.

At the mess hall everybody is cold. Some wear overcoats. Eighty per cent of all in camp have colds. They all have cotton socks and many work in the mud without leggings. It is not possible to get dry at night. The work to be done here is important and there is for that reason no time to make the camp comfortable. Supplies are not obtainable.

The fire is going out and I'm going to bed.

With love

H.

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Camp 16th Engineers
Wednesday night 9 P.M.
October 31, 1917.

My dear Henrietta,

I have things started here in camp and there are some signs of improvement today but we have just started. Conditions are serious in their possibilities. I hope they will straighten out soon but the work at hand is considered of more importance than the health of officers and men. It is my job, of course, to take exception to this condition.

The other two Doctors here have gone to the base hospital to a hallowe'en party tonight. I think I am long past interest in such things and am contented with the insolation of my tent and the mud of the camp. That is, I am more contented here than I would be there. Besides I am pretty busy coughing and it sounds better at home. I am trying to learn how to sleep warm but it is not easy. Last night I put my fur coat down for a lower sheet (which of course we do not use) and piled so much on me that every time I woke up it felt as if at least four people were sitting on me in various places.

I am writing his under a little tin lamp, that cost five francs, on a *board table.* Taps has sounded.

Good night

HOWARD.

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Advanced Zone November 22, 1917.
Camp 16th Engineers.
Friday evening 8.25.

My dear Henrietta,

I am isolated about as completely as possible here and rarely leave the camp. I must get into the country more and may after things get settled a bit more here ,if they do. I have taken radical action here in regard to the camp and now it is up to the higher authorities. It is very muddy and a pair of those rubber hip boots will probably be necessary for field work. Today has been warm which is grateful for the cold is the damp penetrating kind such as we had in England. It seems to go through everything.

I went to ceremonies in honor of the French dead today in a nearby village. Troops were there and several French officers spoke and saluted the dead. Today is the French memorial day celebrated each year for all dead, not only military. We were late to the ceremony and it did not impress me very much for some reason. I am much alone and lonesome but as there is no help for it I suppose I would better brace up and get used to it for it looks like a long road yet.

I have a new floor in my tent and therefore feel like celebrating. The Colonel made a rule today that anybody over forty six should have a floor in his tent. There are only a few. Thus for once age in rewarded. This is the first time I have found an advantage in it. It is a great improvement.

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I have a board to hang my coats on and it really seems very fine. I got two soap boxes and made a washstand so the tent is rather elaborate compared with its previous condition.

HOWARD.

Tuesday 7.15 P.M.
Advanced Section.
November 27, 1917.

My dear Henrietta,

I am writing with my overcoat on. The little stove which eats the bits of wood almost as fast as I can feed it is doing its best to keep out the chill wind but its best is not enough. There is a light fog. Our first snow is mostly converted into slush and one of the winter winds of sunny France is working.

We had our first death in camp Sunday morning. I had to go to town to sign the papers yesterday morning. They were not ready so I decided to stay in town for the night. I found a hotel and got a large room with a fine bath and *hot* water. There were two fine beds with wonderful springs running almost to the floor made of inlaid wood trimmed with bolster, square pillow and a fat yellow satin eiderdown puff. After soaking in hot water I got into one of the beds. It was altogether too comfortable after the cot training I've had for two

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weeks and it seemed a luxury indeed. I slept a little before two o'clock but after that there was nothing doing.

The captain and the adjutant came this morning and we completed the funeral arrangements. The first funeral in this section was held at the hospital and was attended by those about the hospital, representatives from some French troops who are stationed nearby, American officers and an American firing squad. These made up the procession which followed the great black hearse with its bright decorations of flags through the slush and cold rain to the cemetery four kilometers away. The hearse was that used in all French funerals. It was built high with a great black brush at each corner and another in the middle of the top. There were two French flags at the front and two Americans flags at the back. The casket rested on a French flag and was covered by an American flag. It made a striking effect. It was expressive to see this silent procession going away into the cold rain in the face of an unkind wind carrying one soldier on the beginning of a long journey.

It is raining. You see we are still camping on the ground which is not entirely a joke but we can now realize better what the others have been enduring for three years and I suppose we can realize it quicker under these conditions. Of course, there are things to be thankful for. We should be thankful canvas is as warm as it is for otherwise it would be colder. Then I should be glad I have that

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three blanket sleeping bag tonight... a contrast to the one I slept in last night. I don't know what I should do without the little stove and the bits of wood to put into it and the socks and woollen clothes. But I suppose without these we should all resign... something or everything. If we could only turn the tent upside down we could get the heat up on the floor where it is needed.

The camp is a slough of sticky red mud. For men who work outside, as ours do, on days like this I have sympathy and admiration.

Yesterday was my birthday... 48. I am now securely in the, "Once was class". There was not much of a celebration therefore.

This morning a regiment of French soldiers, newly equiped, marched by the hotel to the station to the stirring music of drums and trumpets. They marched through the cold rain and slush with that quick vigorous step characteristic of them, off to the line with a courage and defiance that have saved France.

I was just called to see an officer sick in his tent. A lone candle, bare dirt floor, no fire... a fine place to have a belly ache.

A university man while working with pick and shovel the other day when asked how he was getting on said, "To think I had to have a recommandation to get this job."

Good night

HOWARD.

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Advanded Section.
December 1, 1917.
A. E. F. France.

My dear Henrietta,

Again Saturday night. Again alone. I asked Lieutenant Da (the interpreter) the other day if there was anybody in this part of the country who could teach French and he said he did not think so. I picked up two young ladies the other day on a short walk from comp, aged three and four. The mother was sawing wood near their house at the railway crossing (the keeper's wife I suppose). The children were playing nearby and I tried some of my French on them but it did not work so I asked the mother their names and she said Yvonne. When I returned they were building a house of stones so I helped them a while but they were pretty shy. I will try to bait them with commissary candy next time. They were out in the damp cold in light dresses the older with cheeks and hands reddened by the cold but the younger was pale and sick looking. The French do suffer from the cold as the English do because they never have warm houses. This condition must kill off many of the youngsters.

Our buglers are not all experts. When one blows a call badly the men all howl like cats in chorus. Sometimes when lined up for mess to be served someone will call out, "Three cheers for the cook," and then all in chorus will yell, "Oh hell," instead of three cheers.

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I fear the two Y. M. C. A. women (who live in the cantine of the new building and who are pronounced perfectly safe by one who has seen them) will get a few shocks if they hear some of the profanity of the camp. Profanity seems to be contagious in this camp.

I wonder what you are doing. These Saturday nights seem worse than the others. I have been feeling well for the last few days. The neuralgia seems to have gone for the present. Drops of rain are pattering on the tent. It is half an hour after taps and I am a long way from you and Veela and Tommie and I think I had better get into my blankets and forget it. Good night.

Monday, December 5, 1917.

I took an hour's walk today to a tiny village and passed Yvonne's house. I left two sticks of commissary candy with the mother at the door and tried to tell her I had promised them to the two Yvonnes.

There was a light snow last night which the sun did not melt today but the air was much dryer, a beautiful winter day. Yesterday was clear but about every hour a big snow squall would appear to hide the sun. There were two excitements. I went to Dijon with the Colonel to see about better hospital arrangements. We returned in time for lunch and after lunch a cheer was heard as a truck loaded with mail came into camp. There was another load at the station. It had been lost in the

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yards for two days. One hundred sacks out of which I got nothing. Louise Closser Hale's book came in the mail just before this. This mail came direct from the States while mine must go around through Paris. It will arrive to-morrow I hope.

Coming home to-night I walked along the hill overlooking the camp. In the valley below long lines of German prisoners were wandering their way to their camp through the coloring of brown hedge and water to the north while lines of our men started the other way toward camp. The trains and puffing engines moving slowly over the valley, the conical khaki tents and the electric lights of the town across the valley in the distance made a picture of the closing day for the camp. On my right to the west the sun had just gone over the horizon leaving some long pale pink clouds lying on a mauve bed made for them above the evergreen trees of the hills while traveling east higher up in the paler sky were some fine French blue clouds majestically moving toward the German lines. Silhouetted against this was a large flock of rooks circling continuously trying to decide what rookery to spend the night in..... Dinner.

7.25 P.M.

I have read the papers a few minutes. There must have been a terriffic battle at Cambrai saved by nothing but the superior qualities of the British as fighters. Oh how late we are and what a tremendous influence we might have had earlier and how many lives we might have saved and how much

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suffering but I suppose suffering is necessary to keep human beings decent and industrious.

I suppose I have written you the same thing a dozen times but I must write whatever comes to me. There is little new in routine of camp. We get no news of Army doings here and you know much more than I of them.

With love

HOWARD.

Advanced Section.
Sunday night.
December 23, 1917.

My dear Henrietta,

It has been a cold day with a north wind. About six hundred men arrived last night. They had been coming from, "An Atlantic Port," since Friday night in an unheated train and were nearly frozen. I went down to the flat tonight to see about their medical condition. Another company is billeted in a town across the valley and I am to see them tomorrow morning. I have not been out of camp for a week even to go to the next village.

It is very difficult to keep comfortable today in the *tropical* tents we are living in. Have I told you how I get to bed here? Wait till I put on my overcoat and I will tell you.

Directions for, "*sc couching,*" in tent number five first row south camp after tying the tent flaps securely.

1. Stuff the baby full of wood and let it do its damnedest.

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2. Pull back the chair and sweep out the mud and dirt making as little dust as possible on the rough wooden floor.

3. Remove the poncho which covers the cot fold once and put on the floor between the bed (cot) and washstand (box).

4. Replace the chair in front of the table after moving the table to hang up coat.

5. Unfold two newspapers and spread in front of cot on poncho. The captain has just come in with a bottle of rare port wine he received from Paris. Ii was very good and half of it is saved for to-morrow morning before the cold plunge.

6. From khaki bag hanging over head of cot remove one pair of cotton pyjamas, (had to wash the flannel ones finally), one pair of wollen socks and a wollen hood.

7. Hang up belt and blouse. Remove shoes and at least two pairs of damp cold socks hanging the latter on a rope running lengthwise along the top of the tent. Breeches and other clothes to the chair then into the pyjamas and wool hood. Untie tape that holds the top of the bed down and find the hole in the blankets. Then double up and slide down into the hole. Blow out the lamp and there you are.

8. To get up reverse the order of above. Must be dressed and to breakfast before seven.

After this good night.

HOWARD.

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Advanced Section L.O.C. A.E.F.
Thursday December 27. 1917.

My dear Henrietta,

A full moon is shining in the sky to the north. I have just returned from the telephone and the hospital asks that we send for six more patients to be discharged. They could not keep them as they expect 200 wounded to night. It is a wild night with the temperature down to ten or fifteen above zero. There is a high wind yet the men worked out as usual. Everybody has been trying to keep from freezing.

We had a good Christmas in camp. The day before had been cold but it grew warmer and snowed a little in the night and was melting in the morning which made good snowballing. All the younger officers started a snow party and did everybody in the tents and everybody in sight. They put a can over the top of my stove pipe and then peppered me when I came out. They did this to several. The chaplain appeared and they pelted him and the Y. M. C. A. man who immediately got on his dignity and was sore about it which of course made them worse and they chased him into the woods. He was the only one who got sore.

Dinner was served at one o'clock and was a very good one. The room was decorated with streamers and evergreen and mistletoe. The tables were decorated with long necked sentries labeled Moet et Chandon and various other vintages of Burgundy and a cocktail to start with. The food was fine.

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The night before we had oysters, wild boar and venison and the things to go with it all presented by the proprietor of a big chateau and hunting preserve near here.

The money Conrad sent I thought could best be spent for clothing for the poor kids in the near villages so the names of fifty needy were obtained from the mayors of these villages. Stockings, and such things were bought at a place where refugees work and the kids were invited. But instead of fifty three hundred came. The mayors of the villages made speeches and the fifty packages were distributed. Luckily the Y. M. C. A. man had trinkets enough left over from the distribution to the men the night before to give all of the remaining children something. The affair was a great success. Thus from Conrad's present grew quite a function.

I hope you are taking good care of yourself.

Good night.

HOWARD.

Saturday night, December 29, 1917.
Advanced Station.

My dear Henrietta,

I am only going to start a letter. It's dead lonesome in camp to night. It was six above zero this morning. You can imagine that our men working out in this temperature with only their regulation

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outfits are having hardships. I was tempted to go to town to night and take enough alcohol to make me comfortable but that is neither wise nor safe and I guess I play most games safe. It would be a poor habit to resort to alcohol or drugs everytime there is a touch of neuralgia, for these like other habits are too easily formed to be taken up on impulse.

Sunday night, 9 o'clock.

My neuralgia is all gone today and it is much warmer. I took a little walk down the road this afternoon. This is the first time I have been out of camp for a week or more.

I have lost my pyjamas. I've looked everywhere for them to day. Of course you could find them at once.

Wednesday January 2, 1918.

A year has passed since I wrote to you last. I wish you a good New Year. All has been much mixed up of late and busy. Last night a part of an infantry regiment just over came from an Atlantic Port. They were just off the ship and had been forty eight hours in the *hommes 40, chevaux 8 en long* cars without heat. Imagine landing at night after such a journey, walking three miles over the hard snow roads in the cold night and then waiting a long time for the privilege of entering a cold stone barn or a deserted building. Then when the last billeting was completed at four A. M. to discover, as some of the companies did, that they must walk back with all their equipment to the train

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they had left and then wait there all day before even starting for their real station. When they finally came over to day they were a worn lot and I pitied them. Unwashed and unshaven since three or four days, but the cold was the worst. But it is January and after all spring will soon be here with flowers and birds and action at the front.

We are going to establish a base hospital here. Our patients are getting too many for transportation.

There were boxing bouts at the Y. M. C. A. to night. I could not resist the cheering which I could hear in my tent and went over to see two bouts and then came back and did some French and this letter.

I hope you are warm and taking good care of yourself.

With love.

HOWARD.

At the Front, Field Hospital 13.
January 29, 1918. 8.45 P.M.

My dear Henrietta,

I am writting this in my little cubicle (about 6×6 feet), on a desk made of a rough washstand and my suit case. The guns on the line about six miles from here keep up their thundering noise most of the day and night. This is the real thing.

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This is the first division to go to the front and I am assigned to it, just how I don't know. I am to take charge of the surgical work.

To day I got my two gas masks, one English respirator and the other French in case the first gets injured. I have had one lesson in the use of the respirator. We shall have gas mask drill every day now for a while for both officers and men.

This is a 175 bed hospital turned over to us by the French. There is a special gas treatment room which is kept always ready for the mustard gas which must have thorough treatment. Those handling the patients must wear long impermeable gloves. The clothing of the patient must be thoroughly washed in water and the patients washed in solutions. We expect a rush here any time.

Just to the left the other night the French had thirty killed in a gas attack but their men did not come here. One may not approach nearer to the front than we are here without gas mask and helmet.

Nearby today the anti-aircraft guns are firing, probably at Boche planes, but we have a nice bomb proof dugout out among the huts and a big red cross made on the ground. There are no female nurses here and living is rather crude. There is much activity hereabouts. As I write the guns are pounding like bass drums in the cellar. Hospitals are preparing rapidly and there will soon be some order in our work. It was suggested today that I might rove about the division looking after the

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surgical work as consulting surgeon. I am so glad to get away from the camp and up here where the real things are doing.

Well, my dear, take care of yourself. I may get leave but have nowhere to go. I do not care to go to Paris anyway.

With love.

HOWARD.

With the First Division A. E. F.
February 1, 1918. 11.20 P.M.
Field Hospital 13.

My dear Wife,

I have just returned from the operating room where two of the officers are working on a grenade case that just came in. The upper and lower arm broken, multiple wounds and a back tooth and part of the jaw gone but not broken. Our operating room is only about fifteen feet square and there is much to be done by way of improved outfit.

Yesterday I went on a trip to some towns along the line, visiting stations. It was cold. A fog had covered the trees and grass with a beautiful frost but the men and horses suffer much. The cold is so penetrating. The billets are lofts or any old place and cold as only a French or English house can be. The medical officers are getting their share too and many take it like men and cheerfully. Of this part only one who has experienced or seen it can know.

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Sister, for the first time I have discovered that you mispell a word. Expeditionary you make as "Experditionary" which may be more accurate for *perdition* I believe, is another name for hell and perhaps that is why you write it.

Yesterday we saw an old monastery started in eleven hundred and something under a wooded hill which looked like fairy land with its frosted trees towering above in the cold fog. Cheer up, my dear, when the war is over and you are tired from your work we will take a vacation and visit some of these places which will be more attractive then than now.

Good night.

HOWARD.

Saturday night, February 2. 9.15 P.M.

For the first time since my arrival we have seen the sun to day and it has been a little warmer. A few cases have come in. One corporal shot through the left breast by a Boche sniper. Then a man with both hands blown off and his whole front peppered by a bomb. Both arms were amputated at the forearm. He was badly shocked and we had four working on him at once.

This afternoon the air craft guns were firing at a plane north of us and the white puffs of the allied shells and the dirty brown puffs of the Boche shells showed in contrast against the blue sky. It has been a quiet day along the line apparently as

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there has been little firing. But as I write the thumps of the guns are plainly heard and an orderly has just announced the arrival of three litter cases so perhaps it is going to be a busy night.

10.15P.M.

I am just back from the operating room. One man with bullet wounds through both thighs. A whole platoon has been shot up and others are said to be on the way in. It looks as if this Saturday night would be busy. We are getting crowded and must evacuate some of our cases. It is going to be very difficult to carry on here for the next three weeks with our inadequate space. Soon the evacuating hospital will be ready near here and then all will be well. A man just came in by ambulance with only one blanket. I will be glad for the sake of the men when the weather is warmer.

Good night.

HOWARD.

Monday February 4, 1918.
With First Division.
Field Hospital 13. A. E. F.

My dear Henrietta,

This has been an interesting day. I went on an inspection round of medical outfits in towns along the line. We found medicos in all sorts of places.

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About noon we came to a camp in the woods and found a captain just eating on a board table in a hut about eighty feet long. The floor was wet earth and the bunks of the men occupied most of the space. We joined him at dinner which consisted of beans, hard tack, French butter and jam. Through the open door at the end of the hut artillerymen in steel helmets were passing in the half sunlight that came at noon. A soldier began to tickle a tune from a mandolin which was interrupted by the occasional boom of a gun on the line.

At one town we found a fine medico who is in charge of the section. He had a special room for gas cases. Three kinds of gas are used now. Mustard gas cases have to be handled with long gloves. Of these the French are losing only one per cent of the cases that reach the hospital but with the deadly paliti or palat gas they lose twenty per cent from secondary pneumonia, abcesses from around the eyelashes and the eyes are frequently affected. The new gas promised for the Americans has not yet made its appearance. We have a special room ready for gas cases at all times. These medical men in the trenches are the ones who undergo great hardships and it requires youth. The two men at this station were up until three o'clock this morning and this happens frequently. They had litters suspended from long iron hooks to make beds. They were very much overworked.

There are some game boys among our men and there are others who have had the suspicious acci-

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dents of shooting themselves through the hand or foot but if these hope to escape furthur service by this accident they will be disappointed.

The trench game is hell with its mud and lice and rats and darkness and exposure to the elements along with the Boche devilishmess and our inexperience.

Good night.

HOWARD.

Field Hospital 13.
First Division.
American Front.
February 8, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

We were awakened et five oclock this morning by a $ 100.000 barrage on the line. How characteristic of Americans to characterize a barrage by its cost. The firing was the most intense I have heard.

Yesterday I went on an inspection trip to several points on the line. At one place we followed a carefully camouflaged road for about two miles on the crest of a plateau opposite the heights held by the Boches. Then we turned away from this straight across a level road for another two miles but without any protecting camouflage and in plain view of the German positions. They did not think

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us worth scaring evidently and nothing happened. We had a fine view of their position.

The newspapers published, yesterday, our position as northwest of Toul so I presume there is no harm in telling you now. I may be able to arrange a trip to the British Hospitals and the hospitals in this neighborhood to make up for my loss of time in the Engineer camps. At present there is little for me to do here and our evacuation will be ready in a few weeks.

I walked over to headquarters this morning and was called down by the M. P. (Military Police) for not having my gas mask. The wind is from the north today and gas sometimes goes twelve miles back of the line. We are supposed to carry our masks at all times here but I did not know it.

Sunday February 10, 1918. 11.25.

We were up until midnight last night in the operating room. Yesterday one of our patrols of ten men was ambuscaded, four were killed, one wounded and four missing. Then a shell dropped in one of our 75 gun pits killing several and wounding one officer and one man. Our men are suffering from inexperience. The spirit of the men is said to be fine.

Yesterday I went for a walk out on the high road toward the lines. We saw four French observation balloons and two German balloons up over

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their lines and some of their shells exploding in a field and woods on the right. It was a clear beautiful day, perfect for observation, and everybody was making the best of it. Coming back at sundown we met batteries of the French going into their line positions and companies of French infantry in their blue helmets and uniforms marching over the plateau to enter their trenches under the cover of early night. As we approached the town the sun was just dropping behind a hill. For a minute the guns on the line were still and there were no teams rattling over the road. Out of this sunset stillness suddenly arose a vigorous and melodious chorus with a distinctly oriental effect. For the first time in my life I was curious and I went off the road to find the source of the song. A thin line of American soldiers were gathered around a group of Algerian blacks in red turbans. In the center of the circle six men each with a cane faced each other in two lines stepping and posing a simple dance to the chorus of their comrades. One of the men seemed to be the soloist and led the song which was repeated constantly. The chorus had a minor quality which appealed to me very much.

Some of the trenches are thigh deep in water. The spirit of the men is fine. They are looking for a scrap. Many have begged not to be sent on sick report. One of our men went out into No Man's Land, recently to bring in a wounded man. He was not fired on. Since then both sides respect

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the red cross and bring in wounded men occasionally from No Man's Land.

The sweater Jessie sent is just right and I am glad to have it.

Cheer up sister there is a rumor of an armistice.

With my love to you

HOWARD.

February 15, 1918. 9.25 P.M.
Field Hospital 13.
First Division A.E.F. France.

My dear Henrietta,

This is the first clear moonlight night we have had since we arrived and we celebrated by being bombed. At about seven thirty we heard a Boche plane coming and the firing at it. Some of us went out and it was, judging by the sound, directly overhead. A bomb dropped about a hundred yards from our hut and knocked out some glass in other huts and a few bits of something touched this hut. Then others soon fell and there was a good deal of excitement.

After it was over we found four big holes over near the road and one, " dud " or unexploded bomb about three feet long. The moonlight nights now coming may bring us more. I imagine there will be a transfer of patients from here soon.

Good night.

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Sunday February 17, 1918.
8 P.M.

All of our patients were transferred to another hospital. Last night the Boches kept us up until after twelve. They dropped a good many bombs but did no damage. You know I used to think I liked moonlight nights but now my affection for moonlight is waning fast and clouds and fog have a new value.

Today I had a new experience. I made my first visit to the trenches. I started of in an automobile and met the medico who was to guide me in the next village. We went as far as cars are permitted to go and then walked along roads past batteries which were firing and through woods which were cut by machine gun bullets in many places. Coming back German shells were breaking in a nearby wood but nothing came our way. When I returned to headquarters I was introduced to General Pershing.

There are a dozen machine guns going and the anti-aircraft guns are busy and bombs are being dropped.

This is not much like a Sunday night at Water Lane.

With love

HOWARD.

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First Division A.E.F.
Field Hospital 13.
February 21, 1918. 11.50 A.M.

My dear Henrietta,

Two surprises. Last night though clear moonlight and for the first time since last Friday the Boche planes did not come. The reason came during the night with a gentle patter on the roof, a welcome message from Jupiter Pluvius. He is evidently the only thing above that the Boche has any respect for.

Second surprise, your letters of November 2,22,26 and December 10 arrived and I received one from you the other day dated January 19. Such are the mysteries of the American mail man in France.

Two dead men were brought in from a battery tonight, killed by a German shell. We beginners in this game are making our preliminary sacrifices. Men are merely expendable property in this game. The batteries are making a fuss on the line. It has rained all day and everybody is glad for we shall be spared the hum of the Gotha, a thing that is becoming tiresome.

With love

HOWARD.

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First Division A.E.F.
Field Hospital 13.
February 26, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

It is a clear cold night with a full moon. Our bomb raid we all expected has not yet come. A number of gas cases have come in today of which several died. More will die before morning. This is our first gas attack. It is the result of gas shells sent over in the moonlight last night. The Germans have fifty or sixty combinations of gases. This was probably phosgene or chlorine. I have just been into the ward to see the men. They are lying there laboring for breath, their lungs oedamatous. The bad cases have a whitish froth coming constantly from the nose and mouth. They are half concious, now moaning, now opening their eyes for a moment and then hopelessly closing them to resume the struggle to get air to their drowning lungs. Their faces are pallid and their ears and necks blue.

One officer who came in tonight said he saw one shell burst and a yellow gas borne by a brisk wind-came to him within a few seconds. He got a little whiff before he got his respirator adjusted.

One of the men in the ward sat up in bed saying he had a cramp and fell back dead. Another who was allowed to walk from the ambulance and felt no ill effects is now semi-conscious and laboring for breath.

In some cases the effect does not come for hours.

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In others the least exertion after exposure produces collapse. The officer previously mentioned noticed no ill effects until some time after when he went to inspect his men. Then he felt as a man feels after a hard run, all in. The ambulances are still coming. One man died just as they were putting him into the ambulance. Thus we will learn our lessons by the sacrifice of life. I am overcome with hatred for those who inaugurated this damnable method of destruction. What a road there is for us to travel before we arrive.

The usual mortality for this kind of gas is twenty per cent of those who reach the hospital. I am told that the effect on those who recover lasts for years and it is doubtful if they ever fully recover.

Good night.

HOWARD.

American Front in France.
6th Field Artillery
March 4, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

I came here on March first in a Ford. It is only a few miles from the field hospital where I spent last month as consulting surgeon but after they bombed us so much no more operating was done and there was nothing for me to do so I have been

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sent here as regimental surgeon for a taste of the real thing... which it is.

Upon reaching this shell torn remnant of what was once a village I reported to headquarters and found the billeting officer who accompanied me in search of a billet. There were places for only thirty officers with fifty already occupying them. We found one in a house inserted between two stables. We entered a dark hall and went through a room where two old women were huddled over a tiny stove. The next room was half filled with house goods and some sort of furniture impossible to distinguish in the faint light that came through one small dirty window. There was no stove although this was the choicest billet remaining. It was late afternoon, cold with a wet snow falling. A stove seemed a desirable companion.

So we went out again into the liquid mud to the billet of the regimental surgeon. There I found there was room for me. This new apartment was number 12 rue de Nothing. There was no name on the street and a tiny twelve stencilled by the quartermaster was the only designation. Next door was a stable sheltering artillery horses and beyond the stable door a mound which proved to be an *abri* or dugout for shelter during bombardments. In the street were to be seen only the ruined and deserted remnants of buildings and soldiers in tin hats.

Carefully picking my way over projecting patches of narrow boards laid on the floor I found a door

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on the left, felt but not seen, and entered into one of the three rooms of the house. The room was about twenty feet square and was without a window. In the middle of it sat a woman of seventy, bent and dirty, tending a number of grimy pots. The only light in the room came through a pyramidal shaft about thirty feet high opening in front of the fireplace. In daylinght it is difficult to distinguish the faces of those in the room and in fainter light impossible. The dirt is indescribable. The family consists of père et mère Florentin and daughter Jeanne who keeps an épicerie on the street somewhere. Two cows and two cats complete the household.

Through this room to the right a door opened into the billet of the regimental surgeon. A room about eighteen feet square with two bed closets occupying one side of the room a round black table, a trench stove and many crucifixes and family souvenirs of years long past. There were two or three dirty mattresses probably used by the poilus since the beginning of the war.

I made up my cot in one corner and slept in my clothes and I was not very comfortable. The next morning we got some corps men and threw out the dirty mattresses and gave the bed the surprise of its life. The walls and everything were scrubbed with soap and water and then strong bichloride. Beal then lay down down at night with a sense of improved conditions. Three rat holes under the bed were covered with tin.

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The firing sounds very near and shakes the door and house when it is heavy. Last night there was a great picture. A raid was planned and a few minutes before it was due I walked out an unused road which commanded a view to see it. A cold moderate Marchy wind was blowing from the German lines toward us, a favorable gas wind. The sky was clouded and firing had ceased on the line for several hours which is unusual. A few wagons and ambulances on distant roads made the only noises and these soon ceased. It was for a moment just a cloudy March night. The next instant hell opened. Along a front of five kilometers guns seemed everywhere belching forth flame that flashed a brilliant light to heaven and thundered their curses on the German line while the shells whistling their way across sounded like the rush of a distant train. There was an almost continuous roar with startling flashes showing all along the line in contrast to the dark night. Rockets came up from the line and the German guns soon joined the great chorus and a searchlight played up and down the trench territory over the crest of the plateau.

It was real martial music, the seventy fives carrying the air while the heavier guns played the deeper notes of the accompaniment, the rush and whistle of shells above gave the lighter touches and the staccato notes of the machine guns in the trenches completed a perfect symphony. It was a wonderful sight. Everybody who has been long in this territory knows the difference between a

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" Depart ", or outgoing shell and an " Arrivée ", or incoming one and this information is highly desirable. Most everybody hears the first arrive but rarely the second for by the time the second arrives he is in a dugout.

It began to snow in the night and the ground is covered. The streets are liquid mud.

We have had no gas cases since those of which I wrote a week ago but of course everybody has to be on the watch for the devilish stuff all the time.

I imagine my job here will not be for a very long time. An order may come anytime but meanwhile I shall have a good chance to see conditions here. Life certainly does not lack excitement. Well, this is the real thing anyway and I am glad to have this experience for it would have been embarassing to have got stuck in some hospital at the base with no chance to get near the lines.

With love

HOWARD.

American Front
First Division A.E.F.
6th Field Artillery
Monday March 11, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

Yesterday was just like other days except for the expectation that busied everybody. Last night we had almost no sleep. There was a barrage at ten, another at one and another at five fifty this morn-

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ing. I got up at four. It was still dark and the stars were shining brightly. In the open field beyond our back door is a fine place to see barrages. From that point a hundred and eighty degrees or half a circle is illuminated by gun flashes.

On the minute, out of the cold morning, broke the hellish half circle of flashes, the same thundering round and the same roar of shells rushing overhead like the sound of a distant torrent. This is now becoming familiar. The last barrage lasted an hour. The prettiest thing happened just at daylight and you cannot guess what. The spring birds have come and were singing furiously as if all this was done just as an accompaniment to their song and they must do their loudest to be heard. Then with the break of day all was silence except for some Boche guns still firing at our batteries... our boys were, " Going over ". The artillery had done its work well and they found no wire and not much else and suffered not at all.

We are having beautiful spring weather and the mud is drying. I have heard nothing of my proposed trip though the other men whose names went in at the same time have gone. My leave which was due long ago does not look like materializing.

The papers say the enemy is massing opposite us for an attack, if so there should be lively doings hereabouts. We have some very good looking soldiers here and they are learning the game.

With love

HOWARD.

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April 11, 1918 9 P.M.
6th Field Artillery.
First Division A.E.F.

My dear Henrietta,

One week ago tonight at just about this hour we were waiting at a cross road for the last guns to be pulled out of battery positions to join us on our first march for a whole division was to go on a long journey. Moving a division is a great labor. Our column formed and I fell in line and followed the tedious course of the column in the chill night air until about two o'clock when we arrived at the little village where we were to rest for two days. My billet was a good one. There was a bed and I fell into it.

Friday and Saturday we made preparations for our journey and Sunday our column wended its way across the valley and finally reached the town where we were to entrain. This operation takes considerable time but finally we got away and traveled until Tuesday morning. The horses and wagons were unloaded in about two hours and then the rattle of wagons and the sharp clink of horse shoes on the cobbles disturbed the sleeping town. A long hill with sharp curves was the first road out of town and in the darkness with horses passing and repassing in the narrow road it was a wonder nothing happened. Artillerymen take this as a matter of course and seem to be able to get horses tangled and untangled without damage.

Beal was not anxious to make the ride horseback has he still felt a bit sensitive over his previous

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ride so finding a sidecar available he turned his horse over to Frantz the orderly. It was a beautiful ride over hills and valleys of a carefully cultivated country, prettily wooded everywhere and through many villages. If it had not been for this chilling mist which penetrates everything and which chilled and numbed everybody the ride would have been perfect. I passed the column on my way resting half way up a hill. The horses and men were very tired. When I arrived at my destination which was a village of about five hundred people I found a clean warm billet and was very glad.

With love

HOWARD.

First Division
April 24, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

It is twenty days since we left our last position. We rode thirty hours by train and then marched thirty kilometers to our billets. I did not march with the regiment as the Colonel sent me ahead with the billeting officers in an automobile.

The weather has been very cold. I saw eight or nine planes overhead at one time on the way up here. We expect to be busy.

April 26, 1918.

The village which is my station is on a side hill with batteries on both sides and many others in the

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vicinity. They make an awful noise. I have a room in a brick house where some French non-coms work. There is a pretty garden just below my window which has primroses, wallflowers, pansies and many other flowers I do not know.

April 27, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

Frantz has just brought supper to my billet and it is just finished. And now as I look out I see the sun setting behind the distant trees. I see the soft rose bloom of a shrub in the garden where birds are singing their evening song. But the doors rattle and the woods echo and with the thunder of distant firing which has been constant for the past twenty four hours.

One of our bands nearby is now playing a concert. Just before supper it played for a funeral. Casualties began with our first night here and the chaplain has been busy. This death dealing thunder seems strangely out of place in all the beauty of spring.

Through the gathering clouds aeroplanes are cutting their way like great dragon flies. There is the constant crash of exploding shells... and this is war... and this is a phase of the greatest battle known.

I went for a walk this afternoon in a beautiful valley near here. Nature's efforts in this valley are glorious but from the west came the sound of

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the band's hymn and the taps of the funeral party and from the east came the thunder of guns seeking funeral material.

With love

HOWARD.

First Division.
April 29, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

We are trying to get settled in our positions here on this front which is going to be lively enough to suit everybody. One of the batteries has already had bad luck. I attended services for six in the new cemetery yesterday. Several more were ready for services today. During the service yesterday at the beginning of the ugly interval when the snow white masses of chalk soil were to be thrown down upon the coffins a French soldier behind the chaplain began to play a violin and when he had finished another began to sing a song evidently composed about Americans. It seemed another illustration of the innate desire of the nation to make the ugly tolerable, at least, by attracting attention away from it.

This has been a cold rainy day. I am going up to visit the batteries in the morning. While I write there is a continuous roar to the east as there

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is every night now. They expend millions of dollars worth of amunition every night and day.

I am sleeping in my clothes in blankets now. I have a flea and I am beginning to suspect other things although I had a bath three weeks ago.

Anything may happen in this region any minute so our life will not be entirely without thrills.

Mardi 30, Avril.

I went up to the line in a Ford this morning and at a town farther up the thing refused to move. I was in a hurry of course and the Boches were dropping shells every few minutes. The whistle or shriek of these things can be heard a few seconds before they strike but since one does not know where they propose to strike it is not much use. I got an ambulance to tow us out on to the road when we heard one of those things coming. It was a 155 and landed about a hundred feet away in a plowed field and so did no damage. I am a great believer in plowed fields.

I saw the finest dugout today which is building near here. It is cut thirty or forty feet down into a white chalk cliff and they are making rooms at the base of the shaft. Once down there one is safe from the largest shells. With a few plowed fields and a dugout like this with him always one would feel fairly safe in this region.

Today's funeral services were a contrast to the previous days. There was a band, a chaplain and

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an ambulance slowly marching through the rain. And there was not a single mourner following the lone member of the A.E.F. en route to his narrow white chalk house.

Good night

HOWARD.

First Division A.E.F.
May 3, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

I am now an orphan, at least I am living in an orphan asylum which was formerly an agricultural school.

I have been busy trying to get supplies up to our batteries. I have had to go up nearly everyday. The locality is not especially healthful. One town receives a good many shells daily as does the other in which I am to be stationed as soon as they finish a dugout large enough for me. Sleeping has become a cultivated habit for the guns shake the building constantly.

Last night was very quiet... a great change... which is very suspicious and seems to indicate that some thing is about to happen. Aeroplanes are out in flocks whenever the sky is clear and we have a fat observation balloon close by which rises like an elephant whenever there is anything to see.

We have an aid station near here so the Division can evacuate its men comfortably. Some days

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have been busy. There has been much gas but many of the cases are able to return to the lines soon.

I saw a blue flower today.

With love.

HOWARD.

First Division A.E.F.
Sunday Morning.
May 12, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

Last night was very quiet, suspiciously quiet even for a Saturday night. This morning the wind is west and a gentle rain is falling. This is " Mother's Day ", invented probably by the Y. M. C. A. Today everybody is supposed to write a fine letter to his own mother or somebody else's mother, or somebody who has been a mother, or somebody who wants now to be a mother, or somebody who thinks sometime she might want to be a mother, or a friend of any of these. Of course I don't know that these are the exact rules but everybody is supposed to write to somebody.

This is a poor sort of life to lead. We cannot go out on the roads as all unecessary travel is forbidden and we are supposed to keep under cover as much as possible. The night is not much of a time to walk and the woods nearby which are beautiful

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when dry are not dry very often. All of our men were ordered to bring only one blanket. There have been cold nights of late and I've wondered how the men in the woods have managed to keep warm. All of the men in the haylofts of the farm here are probably lousy and as long as they sleep there they must be. If they once got clean they would be reinfected immediately and there is no way of sterilizing and boiling their clothes. There may be soon though for I saw a sterilizer on the road the other day. It is a common sight to see a soldier standing in his hayloft bare to the waist searching for cooties in his shirt.

One of our infantry officers says we have been taking a number of German prisoners every night while they have not thus far taken a single one of our men. We have had a good deal of gas. There was one boy who was tagged to go to the hospital as slightly gassed. While waiting for the ambulance he met some men from his company who were going on a raid. He went with them. They finally found some Germans in a shell hole in, No Man's Land and went at them with hand grenades. They killed some and brought the others in. He got his prisoner and was ordered to take him to headquarters. When he arrived there they saw his diagnosis tag still attached to the front of his blouse. He was asked how it happened and he replied only that he thought he might as well go and get a prisoner while waiting for the ambulance. Many of these things one hears are encouraging and I feel sure that our men will make good.

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It is interesting to reflect how all the hysteria over venereal disease was an exaggeration and certainly after men get into the advanced zone it is a negligible factor. The caring for men on leave is not the important element we supposed it to be and official methods are sufficient.

The chaplain holds services every day.

With love.

HOWARD.

6th Field Artillery
May 19, 1918.
American E. F.

My dear Henrietta,

This noon somebody said it was Sunday and the rumor proved to be true. The day has been beautiful and warm with a breeze from the north. I am writing in the "operations" office. Phone calls are coming in constantly telling of what the Boche are shelling hereabouts. (I was just called to see a man with a crushed toe). The Colonel has returned and there is no more room for me here so I am now sitting on a Bull Durham box in front of our dugout with a board across my knees.

For two hours this afternoon the Boches have been putting in gas shells just north of us. We could hear the chorus of incoming shells and knew they were gas because there was no loud report of

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explosion such as ordinary shells make. Planes are buzzing overhead all the time and I can see shells breaking over a nearby hill.

8.10 P.M.

The sun is just touching the horizon. I had just begun to write when some anti-aircraft shots to the east showed nine Boche planes (These birds fly in flocks).

I came up here to my new dugout Tuesday. It is a wonderful place. Imagine a grass covered chalk cliff rising in two terrasses from a north and south road. Into this are cut two little slits one of which leads into my dugout or dughole, as some soldier called it. My bunk is not quite six feet long. There are twenty inches between it and the next bunk above and about two and a half feet of floor space in front of it. There are five officers bunking here. The first night was the woret. It was difficult to know whether to enter feet first or head first. While hunting for something in bunk number one across the aisle which was a tangled mass of personal property I stuck a rusty nail into the soft part of my top head and Frantz had to scrub it out with iodine (if I ever do anything queer remember the nail). I was therefore a bit head shy but tried to enter my bunk head first. By going straight in toward the chalk cliff beyond and swinging each leg carefully around I was able to lie on my back and it looked easy.

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Thursday May 23, 1918.

It is difficult to find a place to write. (I am not yet in the bed from the previous installment.) After getting straightened out I found myself on top of the bed instead of in it. Beal's sleeping bag consists of three blankets sewed around the bottom and side and the opening was about halfway across the entrance to the bunk. As the distance between my head and the next bunk was only about a foot it was difficult but by drawing my legs up toward my chest and doubling over to meet them more than half way so that Beal looked like a contortionist ready to go through the eye of a needle, all was ready to step the first foot into the bed when there came a cramp in one of the legs which necessitated a return to the erect position. Next there was a cramp in the belly muscle but it was finally accomplished and with my flashlight the scenery could be inspected with care. It was a bit short this bunk so that my feet were pushed against the wall and my head was bent forward but there was a fine view of the slats on the bunk above. On the right was the chalk cliff yellow stained from the crevices and weeping a clammy tear here and there. Halfway down the bunk the chalk scenery is concealed by a friendly soap box brought from the commissary holding the pistol which came the other day and which seems to be able to shoot from either end, map case and other desirables. My feet were against the north end where the Boches are as an added protection and I can look to the

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left through the standway half concealed by hanging clothes and see trucks go by and the men going into the line and the ration wagons and guns hauled by motors, each raising its own cloud of dust.

Just a I was undressing the other night a truck stopped that had picked up some wounded on the road. Two were stretched out in the bottom of the truck ready for the chaplain. Another who had bled considerably was sitting on the back and two others were standing. They were as nervy and fine as any men could be. I nearly wept in admiration of their behavior. We have some fine men and when they get their experience they are going to do well. Of course there are others and there will be some deserters to the Boche, that is, their spys in our ranks. This has happened and will happen again.

The day of my arrival I went with the Colonel to inspect the batteries. There was a good deal of firing all along the line. As we were going along the road we saw a farmer hastily pulling some implements out of a field. A shell came over and dropped into the field and a little black dog that had been carefully camouflaged in the field jumped into the air and came running out.

The next shell came nearer to us and we flopped on to our bellies as the thing approached with its rapidly increasing shriek. The afternoon was exciting in spots.

That morning before we started there was an aeroplane fight to the north and a Boche was set

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on fire and came down in flames. It was a great fight. The flame looked brilliant even in daylight. After the fire had started one of the men jumped out and fell a long way to earth. The plane scaled down bearing its mass of flame ending its last flight and its last fight. It gave me pleasure... think of that.

There are flocks of planes up most of the time. Others have been brought down. The French got five Boches that first morning.

With love.

HOWARD.

Tuesday May 28, 1918.
First Division A.E.F.

My dear Henrietta,

I am too thrilled to write a letter but I must do something so I'll start anyway. The first attack made by American troops alone is over. The objective is taken and I have seen 137 prisoners and there may be more. Now we are expecting the counter attack anytime and if we hold we will have made good in our first effort. But the worst part is to come.

It was an impressive sight. For days and nights the plans have been worked out. The endless details and complications of an attack are a surprise to the novice. The attack came this morning so

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at three thirty I crawled from my chalk hole, had some coffee and bread and with my overcoat, map case, glasses and gas mask started. I crossed some barbed wire and trenches to a height which afforded me a good view of the scene of operations.

There was an hour for adjustments which means firing to get the correct range aided by observers in balloons and aeroplanes. Then there were two hours of artillery preparation which means blasting everything to bits in the place to be taken, firing on all enemy batteries, shelling all the roads to prevent escape and to prevent reeinforcements coming up and firing a rolling barrage for the infantry to advance under. That is, spreading a curtain of shells in front of them as they advance. To do this three or four miles away requires, you may imagine, some skill and experience. The French are the best artillerymen in the world and we are learning their methods.

The sun rose blood red and shone on pink haze in the valley below it. A beautiful morning for a battle with a few little clouds hanging about the sky. The quiet that often comes about daybreak after the night firing was just being broken by the "adjusting," when I settled into my place of observation. Settling, in this case meant throwing a half filled roll of telephone wire before me on the dirt in the front of the trench and being presented by a Frenchmann on observation post nearby with a piece of cloth to put over it. This was to rest my arms on.

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As soon as the adjusting was completed the firing was gradually increased and the Boches discovered there was something doing. Then the chorus began from a few hundred steel throats of all sizes and great black bursts two or three times as high as the trees marked the explosion of large shells. The 280 mm. shell will penetrate twenty feet into the earth.

I wish I could give you some idea of the terrain but I cannot. Soon after the attack the town was filled with the smoke of exploding shells which was carried slowly away by a breeze from the north. Then the roads nearby began to get it and from an artillery point of view it was wonderful work to see the shells burst along the roads at regular intervals three or four miles away from the guns. This firing extended to the Boche batteries most of which had been located and it was very busy for two hours when the bombardment of the town stopped and extended farther back and the rolling barrage began for the infantry advance. There were tanks which could be plainly seen with two men walking behind each (this is the finest job I've heard of). It means that with these tanks it is necessary to get their orders from observers outside and of course these observers usually get killed. Our infantry did this attack well. They followed the barrage closely which is very difficult for new troops to do it is said. But they and the tanks met little resistance until they struck a hedge of machine guns which they cleaned out. The rumor is that they took three hundred prisoners. Anyway

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they did well and the French are pleased and everybody is pleased.

I saw one group of twenty four prisoners coming across the plain. They were a miserable sort of men mostly about twenty or twenty one years of age. In another group of seventy five I saw two officers.

An aeroplane landed on a hill close by a while ago. His motor had stopped. The plane turned over. The aviator was not hurt but his machine was wrecked.

I am offered an opportunity to take a hospital in Paris but I don't want a job like that and I don't want to live in Paris. It is too lonesome.

With love

HOWARD.

6th Field Artillery
Dugouts, Regimental P. C.
May 29, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

I wrote you yesterday of the battle. As expected the counter attack came in the afternoon and night. There was hard fighting and our men held. The expense of taking was light but it was very expensive sustaining the heavy bombardment of the enemy that came later as there had not been time to dig in.

There has been another counter attack this evening and the firing has been heavy. The report

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is that the Boche could not get through our barrage although they used tanks. All sorts of stories are rampant. One thing is clearly established. Our men had a hard fight and won. Coming back from the fight one of the French tank commanders waved his hat to every American he saw and said, "Tres bons Americains". There were many smiles among the French yesterday when they saw the prisoners come in. There are many stories of the fight impossible to verify. One man of the telephone detail went through the German barrage four times laying wire. The first German line started over and saw our infantry retreat 100 yards. They thought our men were quitting. Our machine guns had been placed in the front lines with our infantry which had retreated to give them full play and as the Boche line approached very near they opened up. The second wave was starting from the German trenches and was caught in its own barrage.

One German prisoner while apparently surrendering let go a hand grenade. This was the needed touch and there was something coming to the Boche. One machine gunner seeing a line of Germans holding up their hands said, "To hell with this Kamerad stuff," and opened fire. One German officer said, "I am an officer", and attempted to draw a large pistol from his pocket but the man watching him was too quick. It is said that our men used the bayonet successfully. These soldiers of ours have learned how to fight. May the others learns as quickly and do as well.

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Last night was a hard one for the hospital corps and there are few available for duty today. The hospitals are overflowing for some distance back I suppose. While I have been doing nothing of consequence. If I was young enough to be with the infantry there would have been much to do probably. I am of no use in this job. However I am glad of the experience. It is unusual to give one of my age a place like this so I should be glad for it, I suppose.

The night avions have been busy of late. Last night one of our quartermaster Colonels and his two assistants were killed in their billet by a bomb. We are getting used to the waste of human material. How little does one count in this game and how little anybody cares, but that is well, for the work must go on.

The infantry, or doughboys ,as they are called have had a hell of a life. We shall probably be relieved soon. We should be anyway. And I shall probably look for some change. I don't think I shall keep this job any longer. There is nothing in it. Three months seems the best time for me to remain on one job and I am over that here now.

I found a French Grammaire on the street the other day, *De tout un peu, pour les petits, premier livre de lecture courante,* so I am trying to take a primary course alone now.

With love

HOWARD.

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6th Field Artillery
A.E.F.
June 5, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

Monday I left the hole in the chalk in which I have been living since May 14 and came back here to the Orphanage in the echelon. The others moved to a new P.C. (Post of Command). The Colonel thought I would be too far from everything and sent me back here where I have a beautiful room on the ground floor. It was a great experience last night to undress and sleep on a cot. A cot is so soft compared to the boards I have had for my bed for some time.

In the other place the dust raised by countless camions passing the door added to the dirt process and made it complete. Our only protection was a single sheet of iron which would have been almost as good as paper if anything had come our way.

The night bombers have passed over toward Paris nearly every night but dropped bombs near us only twice. They have strewn them liberally about the towns.

I was glad to get out of the chalk hole though I was getting to be quite a contortionist doing doubling acts which you would never believe of me.

Our men held their captured town against seven counter attacks and made good. It was the holding after taking that we were worried about. Our regiment is pretty tired now and fever has made

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it worse but they will be better soon if they can get a few minutes rest. We are ready to move at an hour's notice any time. I must take this room with me if I move.

It is surprising how losses are taken in the field. Today somebody or something is and to morrow it is'nt and that is about all there is to it... everything but life is the simplest in the world.

June 8, 1918, 2 P.M.

I have moved to a new room on the second floor, a very good one formerly occupied by the balloon commandant who has moved on up the line. There are some new naval guns near by and with the echo and the sharp crack of their report (they are long range guns) make the worst noise I have heard yet. It shakes the building and makes my ear drums tender.

Now I am sitting by an open window looking out on the neglected garden and the edge of the woods beyond. There are many clouds through which the sun is shining. The guns are working and between times I can hear the cuckoo marking time though I have stuffed cotton in my ears to give them a rest.

Thursday, night before last all was excitement. We expected a Boche attack through here and all were prepared to move at short notice. It was a clear night as all have been for over a mouth. Nothing happened until eleven o'clock when Boche

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planes were heard with their damnable characteristic hum. Many of the occupants of the buildings took to the trenches that have been dug close by. I had gone to bed with neuralgia and thought I would'nt get up so I listened to the humming of the planes overhead. If he had been on a definite mission he would have gone straight over. When he kept hanging around we expected something. Though I was never shot the sensation of lying in bed and hearing a Boche plane humming loudly (this one was very low) overhead waiting to get the right position to drop his bombs must be much like waiting to be shot. He dropped four bombs when he got ready and they dropped close by in the woods. A few were killed but no one from here. All this to a chorus of anti-aircraft guns and machine guns hereabouts... Morning came (as it always does) and no attack.

With love

HOWARD.

First Division A.E.F.
June 13, 1918.

My dear Henrietta,

I have been at the balloon echelon for ten days doing nothing much but we have not lacked for excitement. We have been bombed about every fair nighty and most of the nights have been fair.

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They usually come for an hour about eleven o'clock at night but they have done little damage. The buildings have not been hit. Why they leave these buildings standing nobody knows. It is supposed that they use them as sighting points or land marks for planes at night.

Doctor F. J. M. called on me the other day. He agrees with me that the medical accomplishment has been very poor. Whether or not it improves remains to be seen. The main difficulty is that the regular red tape cannot see beyond the regulations and the manual of the medical department and expect the war to accommodate itself to these. It is very difficult to keep one's faith in the future or any interest in the present.

The military situation is more promising. The men are making good.

I took a long walk yesterday up to the aid stations. The fields are beautiful. The poppies in the grain especially made as beautiful a picture as I have ever seen. The valley was a panorama of bright yellow and green and red with blue sky and fleecy clouds and singing birds and aeroplanes overhead.

Yesterday and today have been very quiet in this sector. But anything might happen anytime... Guess I can't write a letter today... will try again.

With love

HOWARD.

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6th Field Artillery
June 22, 1918.
Saturday.

My dear Henrietta,

It is 8.45 P.M. The sun is setting in a clear sky. Some French soldiers are kicking a football in a field below. The birds are singing. Somebody is practising with a pistol in the woods nearby. And the big guns are not firing. This is a very peaceful Saturday night... the worst night of a week here.

For several days we have had clouds and a little rain and as a result we have had a rest from bombing and the guns have been quieter by day though the big ones close by fire every night so that sleep is difficult. Did I write you that the other day a plane suddenly swooped down from some low rain clouds and dropped bombs and played his machine gun all over the place... and got nobody? It was very poor shooting.

Our balloon was brought down in flames an hour ago. The observer jumped but his parachute did not open well and he broke his leg. The Boche plane had come down from high up and shot the balloon with incendiary bullets. Then he went to the next balloon with incendiary bullets. Then he went to the next balloon and swooped down on him. The observer jumped and his parachute opened well. The balloon did not burn.

Last night the planes were going over to Paris. I suppose about all the time. Only a few of them

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bothered us. Some men were killed at one of our hospitals farther back. Last night was a busy night. Tonight the sky is clear so we may expect another.

June 29, 1918 9.20 P.M.

We had only one bomb session last night. Today we began to make dugouts after eight weeks stay here.

The Division is tired but still it is kept in, nobody knows why.

Our men had hard service at the other front and at our echelon have a net schedule of some thirteen hours and forty five minutes and in addition until two weeks ago also hauled ammunition from one to six A.M. I am trying to remedy this condition but as the schedule was made out by a general for all of the artillery it is ticklish business. But I have started something anyway and I do not care what the result is. The other medicos acknowledge the condition exists in the other artillery regiments but don't dare do anything for fear of getting some superior officer down on them. This is the beginning of the moral cowardice that sooner or later gets most men in the service.

July 3, 1918.

We have had some bombs here every night since I last wrote. I wish those responsible for the failure of our airplane program had to sleep here.

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To-morrow we are to celebrate with a horseshow and a ball game. If they don't shoot us up this should be a little relief for the men.

Today we had excitement. The Division is ordered away but nobody knows where. There are rumors that we are to be "Shock troops,".

With love

HOWARD.

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I

I have known many green fields and forest hills
young bodies dead among the leaves
I have known many green fields and forest hills

II

and the delicate voices that whisper of death
in the high song of the hilltops
in the sweet breath of the wind

III

and the secret is written
in starlight and dawnlight
where death lives in the song of the eastern sky.

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